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DAREDEVIL®

DM

PURGATORY

THEY'RE ONLY **HUMAN**. THEY DO THEIR **BEST** NOT TO THINK OF **HIM**-- AND WHAT HE USED TO **BE**.

TO **FOGGY NELSON**, HE WAS **PARTNER** AND BEST **FRIEND**. TO **GLORIANNA O'BREEN**, HE WAS THE MAN SHE **LOVED**.

THEY DO THEIR **BEST**...

YE BE **CAREFUL** NOW, FOGGY...

ZZZTT

YOW!

FOGGY!

FOGGY--ARE YE ALL **RIGHT**?

NO **PROBLEM**, GLORI, LANDED ON SOME OF MY BEST **PADDING**.

RINGG

BETTER GET THE **PHONE**...

HELLO--

GLORI-- WHAT...

FOGGY--IT WAS **MATT**--

--AN HE DINNA MAKE ANY **SENSE**--

THE WINDOW'S CLOSED-- BUT YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT, NOT WITH THE STIFF BREEZE THAT'S BLOWING THROUGH IT, GIVING ME A SWEETHEART OF A CRAMP IN MY LOWER BACK.
SIX INCHES OF SNOW OUTSIDE AND STILL NO HEAT IN THE ROOM...
AND HERE I'D PLANNED ON STAYING AT THE PLAZA. THAT WAS BEFORE I DISCOVERED THAT THE IRS HAD MADE MY CREDIT CARDS SO MUCH WORTHLESS PLASTIC.
LEFT ME WITH TEN BUCKS TO MY NAME.
I FOUND A HOTEL THAT MADE CHANGE.

Stan Lee presents

PURGATORY

By FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

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PLACE SMELLS LIKE **RAT HAIR.** I'D MUCH RATHER STAY WITH A **FRIEND.**

SHOW ME ONE AND I'LL **STAY** WITH HIM.

SHOW ME ONE SINGLE PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO HASN'T **BETRAYED** ME...

JUST A FEW **DAYS** AGO I WAS A **PILLAR** OF MY COMMUNITY--A RESPECTED FIGURE IN MY **PROFESSION.**

NOT TO MENTION MY **SIDELINE** OF BEING A **SUPERHERO.**

NOW I'M JUST A **BLIND** MAN...

...A **BLIND** MAN WHO'S LOST HIS **JOB,** HIS **LIVELIHOOD** HIS **HOME.** HIS **GIRL**...

...WHO **FATE** GAVE THE ABILITY TO **HEAR** AND **SMELL** AND **TOUCH** BETTER THAN ANYBODY IN THE **WORLD** CAN--

--WHICH IS A **GREAT** WAY TO CATCH ALL THE **MISERY** OF BEING **ALIVE.**

JUST A FEW DAYS AGO...

...NO, I SHOULD HAVE SEEN ALL THIS **COMING.** STARTED **MONTHS** AGO, THINGS GOING **WRONG** FOR ME.

JUST LITTLE THINGS, AT FIRST. THE KIND YOU TRY NOT TO **NOTICE.** THE KIND THAT **ADD UP** UNTIL YOU WANT TO...

FOR THE **LONGEST** TIME I CHALKED IT UP TO UN-PLEASANT **CIRCUMSTANCE.** I'M THAT KIND OF GUY.

TOOK A LOT TO **CONVINCE** ME WHAT WAS REALLY GOING ON.

FACT IS, THE FIRST TIME I HAD THE **THOUGHT** IT SOUNDED--WELL, IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY **SENSE.**

BUT THE **EVIDENCE** KEPT PILING **UP.** THE **PHONE** COMPANY. THE **POWER** COMPANY. **INTERNAL REVENUE.** THE **GRAND JURY.** MY BEST **FRIEND.** MY **LOVER.** THE LIST GOES **ON.**

ALL OF THEM. WORKING **TOGETHER.**

ALL OF THEM OUT TO **GET** ME.

NO. NO. THAT'S-- I'M GOING--

--IT'S THE KINGPIN.

THE KINGPIN. YES.

HE'S THE ONLY REAL ENEMY I HAVE. I'VE CAUSED HIM A LOT OF TROUBLE, FIGHTING CRIME--SINCE THAT'S HIS BUSINESS, IT FOLLOWS THAT I'D CAUSE HIM TROUBLE. IT MAKES SENSE THAT I'D CAUSE HIM TROUBLE. IT...

...IT'S THE KINGPIN. SOMEHOW HE FOUND OUT THAT I'M DAREDEVIL.

HE BRIBED AND THREATENED EVERY-BODY IT TOOK TO DESTROY ME.

I'VE GIVEN THIS A LOT OF THOUGHT.

THAT'S WHY I HAVEN'T LEFT THIS ROOM. TO THINK AND PUT TO-GETHER A PLAN AND GET ENOUGH SLEEP I SEEM TO NEED SO MUCH SLEEP...

...BUT IT'S ALL WORKED OUT NOW. I'VE GOT MY STRATEGY.

I'M GOING TO GO TO THE KINGPIN AND I'M GOING TO KILL HIM.

NO. I WON'T KILL HIM. I DON'T DO THAT.

I'LL JUST BEAT HIM UNTIL HE PROMISES TO GIVE ME MY LIFE BACK.

I'LL GET UP RIGHT THIS MINUTE AND WALK TO THE DOOR AND LEAVE THE ROOM AND...

I'M TIRED...

HE IS THE LORD OF CRIME.

HE HAS **GATHERED** THE WARRING GANGS OF THE CITY, **ORGANIZED** THEM INTO AN **ARMY**--NO, A BUSINESS SO EFFICIENT AND SO PROFITABLE THAT THE CITY'S **ECONOMY** DEPENDS ON THE THIEVES, EXTORTIONISTS, AND MURDERERS AT HIS COMMAND.

HE IS THE KINGPIN. AND MATTHEW MURDOCK HAS BECOME THE LIGHT OF HIS DAYS.

AS DAREDEVIL, MURDOCK HAD COST HIM LITTLE, BUT WOUNDED HIM, ANNOYED HIM, AS A FLY WOULD.

NOW, WITH ALL THE JOY OF A MALICIOUS CHILD, THE KINGPIN TORTURES THE FLY.

IT BEGAN WITH THE REVELATION OF DAREDEVIL'S **WEAK SIDE**--HIS **SECRET IDENTITY.** WITH A FEW BRIEF **PHONE CALLS,** THE KINGPIN **SHATTERED** MURDOCK'S LIFE BEYOND ALL **HOPE** OF RECONSTRUCTION.

THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE **END** OF IT--WERE IT NOT FOR THE SWEET **DISCOVERY**...

...THAT MATTHEW MURDOCK IS A MAN ON THE **EDGE**--THAT EVEN **BEFORE** HIS RUIN, HE WAS NEARLY **MAD.**

WERE MURDOCK TIED TO A RACK, SLOWLY TORN LIMB FROM LIMB, **BEGGING** FOR MERCY, THE SPECTACLE COULD BE NO MORE **PLEASURABLE** TO BEHOLD.

THE KINGPIN LOOKS AT HIS CITY AND THINKS OF HOW **WONDERFUL** IT IS TO BE **ALIVE.**

TWO BLOCKS AWAY SOME IDIOT IS PLAYING A RADIO.

THE BIG KIND.

IT'S STUCK BETWEEN STATIONS BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP THE IDIOT FROM PLAYING IT LOUD.

IT'S SPITTING OUT HALF-WORDS THAT MAKE NO SENSE AND STATIC THAT MAKES ANYONE IN EARSHOT FEEL LIKE A RICE KRISPY.

AND I'M ALWAYS IN EARSHOT.

ALWAYS.

THAT CAR ALARM WON'T EASE UP, EITHER.

DOESN'T CARE HOW TIRED I AM.

MIGHT AS WELL GET UP. WALK OUT THE DOOR. GET SOMETHING TO EAT.

WALK OUT THE DOOR.

GOT TWO DOLLARS LEFT.

THAT'S ENOUGH TO BUY ME SOME BREAKFAST.

GET SOME FOOD IN ME AND I'LL BE FINE.

THEN I'LL HIT THE GYM.

NO. NO GYM.

THE KINGPIN BLEW IT UP.

MAYBE I'LL HIT THE KINGPIN.

HE'D MAKE A GOOD PUNCH-ING BAG.

HE'S FAT ENOUGH.

WALK OUT THE DOOR.

I WALK **OUT** AND A KIND **STRANGER** GIVES ME A RIDE **UPTOWN** TO THE KINGPIN'S **HEADQUARTERS** AND I PUNCH THE KINGPIN **OUT** AND HE BEGS FOR **MERCY** AND GIVES ME MY **LIFE** BACK AND SURRENDERS TO THE **POLICE** AND EVERYBODY KNOWS IT IS **ME** WHO BEAT HIM AND THERE'S A **PARADE.**

MUST'VE **DOZED.**

WAS **GOING** TO LEAVE.

TURNED THE **DOORKNOB.**

I'M NOT CALLING **GLORI** AGAIN.

SHE DOESN'T **DESERVE** ME.

IT'S THE **OPERATOR** I'M CALLING.

TO FIND OUT WHAT **TIME** IT IS.

RINGGG

...NO, MATT... PLEASE... DON'T *SAY* SUCH THINGS...

LET ME SPEAK TO HIM, GLORI.

MATT, THIS IS *FOGGY*--

HE HUNG UP... WHAT THE DEVIL IS **WRONG** WITH HIM...?

COLUMBIA

OH, FOGGY-- I'M SO--

RINGGG

I'M ON TO YOU, NELSON.

THEN IT HAPPENS.

FOOTSTEPS, IN THE HALLWAY.

COMING THIS WAY.

COMING CLOSER.

CLOSER. BREATHING THROUGH HIS MOUTH LIKE FAT PEOPLE DO.

WHEEZING. GRUNTING. STOPPING.

STOPPING. RIGHT OUTSIDE MY DOOR.

RIGHT OUT-SIDE MY DOOR.

NOK NOK

MUTTERED CURSE.

KEYS JANGLING.

LOCK TURNING.

CHECKOUT WAS AT NOON, BUM.

SO GIVE WITH EIGHT BUCKS OR YOU'RE OUT ON YOUR--

HKKKKK

HE'S GOOD.

SOUNDS AND SMELLS JUST LIKE THE KIND OF PHLEGMY, CIGAR-SMOKING PIG WHO'D RUN A DIVE LIKE THIS.

DRIBBLES SPIT ON MY HAND AND GOES LIMP.

IT'S A GOOD FAINT.

I LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT.

NO POINT IN QUESTIONING HIM.

I KNOW WHO SENT HIM.

AND I'M COMING FOR YOU, KINGPIN.

IT IS INDEED BEHAVIOR OF THE LEAST NORMAL SORT THAT I OBSERVE WHILE PERUSING MATT MURDOCK AS PER YOUR ADVISEMENT, KINGPIN.

HE DROPS THE HOTEL MANAGER TO THE FLOOR AS ONE WOULD DROP A BAG OF FISH WHICH ONE DOES NOT WANT. WHEREUPON HE EXITS SAID HOTEL...

...TO WALK TO THE *FOURTEENTH STREET ENTRANCE* OF THE UPTOWN "D" TRAN LIKE A MAN *REPOSSESSED.*

I *MYSELF* GAIN ADMITTMENT TO THE VERY SAME *SUBWAY CAR* AS MURDOCK--THERE TO OBSERVE HIM TO BE N A STATE OF EXTREME *AGGREGATION.*

WE PROCEED WITHOUT *INCITEMENT* TO THE *PENNSYLVANIA STATION* STOP...

...WHEREAT *THREE YOUTHS* BOARD, BRANDISHING NINE MILLIMETER *HANDGUNS* OF THE *STREET* VARIETY, LOUDLY *DECLAIMING* THEIR INTENTION OF DEPRAVING THE *PASSENGERS* OF THEIR PERSONAL *EFFECTS*

HEREAT ONE *ELDERLY* MAN ATTEMPTS A FRANTIC *DISEMBARKATION.*

ONE OF THE YOUTHS ADMINISTRATES TO HIM A *REPRIMAND* THAT IS OF A *PHYSICAL* NATURE.

AND MURDOCK DOES *NOTHING?*

NOTHING BOSS. AT THIS *MOMENT* I NOW *DESCRIBE*, THAT IS

AT THIS JUNCTION THE *YOUTHS* DO THEN *ACCOST* EACH PASSENGER IN *TURN*, ADMONISHING THEM INTO EMPTYING THEIR *PURSES* AND *WALLETS* INTO A D'AGOSTINO'S GROCERY STORE *SHOPPING BAG*...

...EVEN AS THEY FORCIBLY REQUIRE A *NECKLACE* FROM THE WOMAN *NEXT* TO HIM...

...MURDOCK SEEMS *UNAPPRECIATIVE* AS TO THE COMMUNAL *PREDICAMENT*

IT IS NOT UNTIL HE *HIMSELF* FACES THE *BUSINESS END* OF ONE OF THE AFOREDESCRIBED *FIREARMS*...

...THAT MURDOCK MANIFESTS *COMBAT ACUMEN* OF *STARTLING* PROPORTION

LEAVE US SAY HIS RESPONSE IS *EXTREME*...

EVERY DETAIL.

HIS *FIRST* MOVE I AM UNFORTUITOSLY *UNABLE* TO RETICULATE, AS I MYSELF AM MOMENTARILY *DISTRACTED*.

SUFFICE TO SAY THE YOUTH SUFFERS DAMAGE OF A *STRUCTURAL* NATURE TO HIS *WRIST*--

--THEN TO HIS *RIBS*...

...AND TO HIS *JAW*, WHICH MAKES WITH A *NOISE* NOT UNLIKE THAT OF A *COKE BOTTLE* BURSTING.

AS FOR THE *SECOND* YOUTH, HIS ATTEMPT TO *WITHSTALL* MURDOCK'S ASSAULT...

...IS INTERRUPTED BY THE SUDDEN *RE-ARRANGEMENT* OF HIS *SPINE.*

IT IS THE *LAST* OF THEM WHO SUCCEEDS IN FIRING HIS *PISTOL...*

...BUT MURDOCK IS, AS I SAID...

A MAN *REPOSSESSED.*

HENCEWITH, THE TRAIN COMES TO A *STOP* AT *FORTY-SECOND STREET.* THE DOORS *OPEN.*

MURDOCK *WHIRLS* AT A SHOUTED *COMMAND...*

LOVELY. LOVELY...

...THE *COMMAND* IS OF THE *CONSTABULATIVE* VARIETY...

FEROCIOUS, STUPID...

...EVERY MAN HIS *ENEMY*...

...I COULD NOT *DREAM* OF A MORE PERFECT *HELL*..

I *ENVY* YOU, YOU BLESSED LITTLE WORM. YOU HAVE WITNESSED THE *DEATH* OF A *NOBLE* MAN.

THE PLEASURES OF HIS COMING *ATTACK* WILL BE *NOTHING* COMPARED TO THIS...

YOU THINK HE'S COMING *HERE*?

I KNOW IT.

FOGGY? IT'S MATT-- NO PLEASE DON'T HANG UP...I...I NEED YOUR HELP...

I THINK I'M SICK FOGGY. SOMETHING... THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY MIND ..I JUST.

...I JUST BEAT UP A COP..

Phone

...YOU SEE, IT'S THE KINGPIN. I KEEP THINKING EVERYBODY'S WORKING FOR HIM AND

...OH, YEAH. I KNOW THAT. PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY IS WORKING FOR HIM. BUT THIS WAS JUST A COP AND THERE WAS NO REASON TO..

...WHAT?...OH ...YOU SURE?..

...OKAY WELL MAYBE THE COP. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME FOGGY I.

...BUT IF I GO THERE I'LL TRY TO KILL THE KINGPIN. I...

...BUT...BUT I...OKAY BUDDY. I'LL GIVE IT MY BEST SHOT.

...AT THE TONE THE TIME WILL BE TEN THIRTY-TWO...

--SO HOT IT'S ALWAYS SO HOT HERE-- NO WONDER THEY TAKE SIESTAS

MAKES IT SO HARD TO KEEP RUNNING AND NOW SHE CAN BARELY CATCH HER BREATH CAN BARELY TALK TO TELL THE AMERICAN OPERATOR THE NUMBER SHE WANTS

--THE NUMBER SHE NEEDS--

--SHE REMEMBERS THE NUMBER. SHE'D NEVER FORGET IT. AND NOW THE LINE GOES DEAD AS THE OPERATOR CALLS IT-

--AND SHE REMEMBERS THE MAN -MATT-- THE MAN SHE LOVED ONCE -- THE MAN SHE BETRAYED--

--THE MAN WHO CAN SAVE HER LIFE--

--BUT NOW THE **OPERATOR** IS SAYING THE NUMBER HAS BEEN **DISCONNECTED** BUT SHE **KNOWS** SHE GOT IT RIGHT AND MATT WOULD **NEVER** MOVE HE **LOVES** THAT HOUSE -

--AND SHE MAKES THE OPERATOR **CHECK** FOR HER AND THERE'S NO **LISTING** -

--THEN SHE **SEES** THEM AND KAREN PAGE KNOWS SHE HAS TO **RUN** AGAIN -

YES, HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE! THAT'S WHY I **KNOW** THERE'S SOMETHING **ROTTEN** GOING ON HERE, JONAH!

DAILY BUGLE

LOOKED PRETTY CUT AND DRIED TO **ME**, URICH.

YOUR PAL **MURDOCK** GOT CAUGHT WITH HIS **PANTS** DOWN.

MATT'S **STRAIGHT**, JONAH YOU DON'T KNOW **HOW** STRAIGHT. THIS IS A **FRAME**-- BY THE **KINGPIN**.

J JONAH JAMESON
PUBLISHER

THE **KINGPIN**? WHAT THE DEVIL'S A **BLIND LAWYER** GOT TO DO WITH THE **KINGPIN**?

...I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT, JONAH. BUT I *WANT* THIS STORY. AND I'LL *WRITE* IT--FOR ONE PAPER OR *ANOTHER*.

ISN'T *LIKE* YOU TO TAKE A *STAND*, BEN...

COME RIGHT *IN*, MR. MURDOCK

MR FISK IS *EXPECTING* YOU.

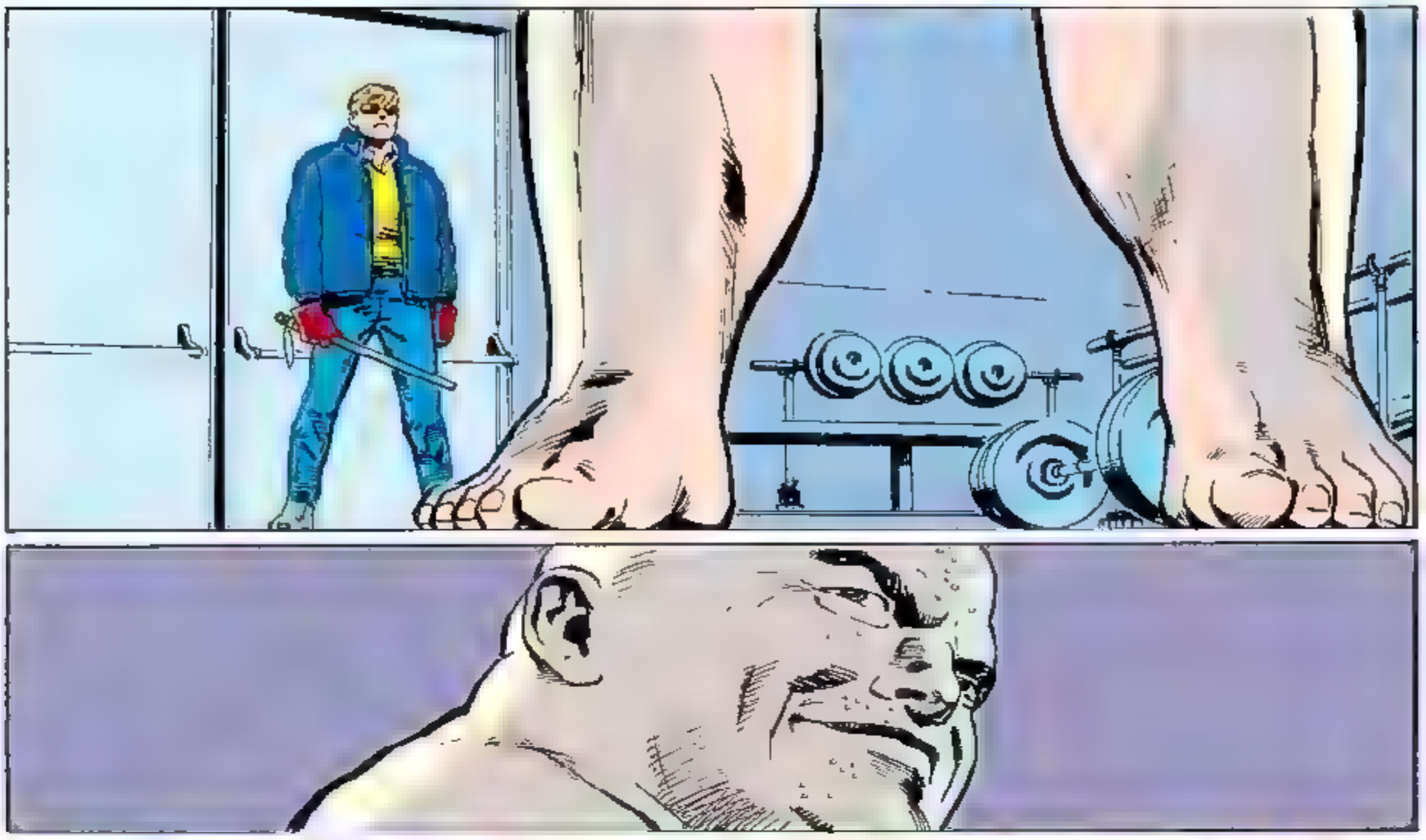
SURE AND THIS IS *WORSE* THAN WHEN HE *DOES* CALL.

PERHAPS YE COULD TRY THAT *HOTLINE* AGAIN, FOGGY?

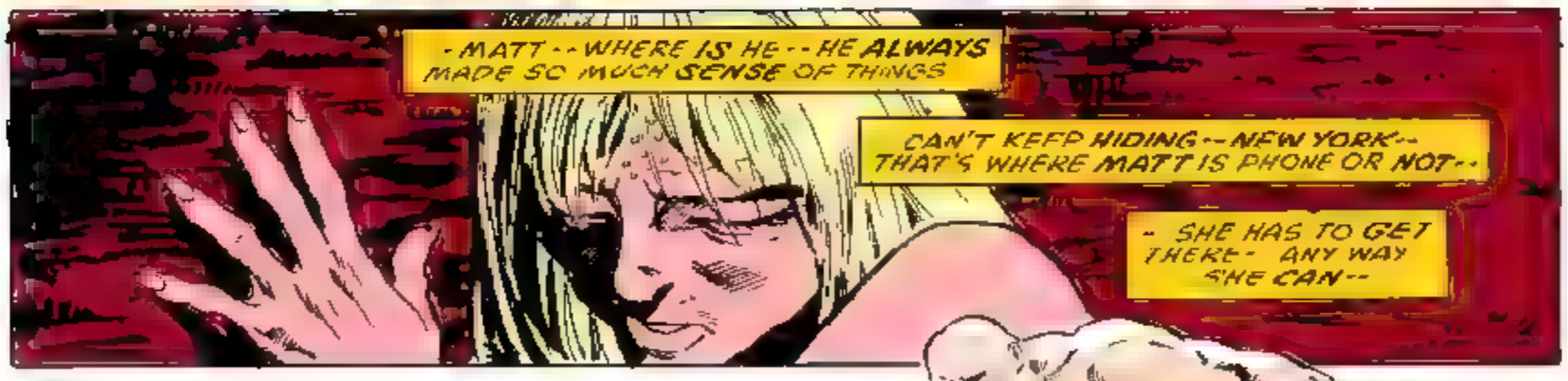
NO *POINT*, GLORI. THAT LITTLE CREEP WILL JUST TRY TO ANALYZE *ME* AGAIN.

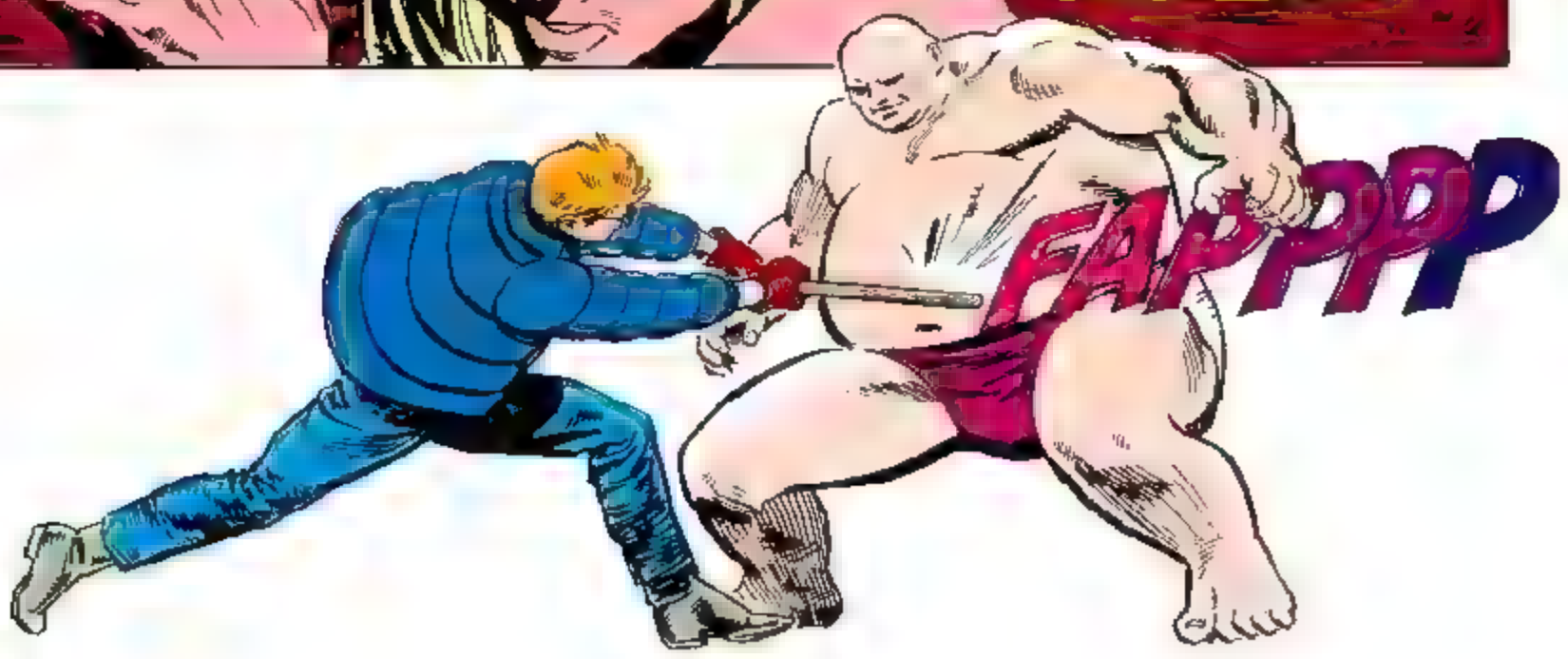
WHEN A *BOMB* WENT OFF, BACK IN *IRELAND*...IT WAS LIKE THIS.. WAITIN'...NOT *KNOWIN*...

CAN'T *BRING* MYSELF TO CALL THE *COPS*...



-- SO CLOSE THEY CAME SO CLOSE THIS TIME --
-- SHAKES ARE COMING AGAIN-- SHE'D THROW UP IF THERE WERE ANYTHING IN HER STOMACH--
-- HOW DID SHE GET STARTED ON THE JUNK-- HOW DID SHE GET HERE- HOW--


- MATT -- WHERE IS HE -- HE ALWAYS MADE SO MUCH SENSE OF THINGS
CAN'T KEEP HIDING -- NEW YORK -- THAT'S WHERE MATT IS PHONE OR NOT--
- SHE HAS TO GET THERE- ANY WAY SHE CAN--


FAPPPP

THWAKK

- ANY WAY SHE CAN--

KRAKKKK

THAPP

WHOKK

SKKRAKKK

NEVER GIVE UP--

NEVER--

IT WOULD BE A JOY TO END IT THERE. SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN BRINGS TO THE KINGPIN A BLOODLUST HE HAS NOT FELT SINCE HIS YOUTH. IT TAKES AN EFFORT OF WILL TO RESTRAIN HIMSELF FROM TEARING MURDOCK LIMB FROM LIMB.

BUT THE KINGPIN IS A CAREFUL MAN. THERE ARE DETAILS TO CONSIDER.

MURDOCK'S DEATH MUST BE NEITHER MYSTERIOUS NOR SUSPICIOUS. THERE MUST BE NO ROOM FOR QUESTIONS. NO CAUSE FOR INVESTIGATION.

UNCONSCIOUS BUT LIVING, MURDOCK IS PLACED IN A STOLEN CHECKER CAB...

...THE CAB IS DRIVEN OFF PIER 61 INTO THE EAST RIVER. ITS SAFETY BELT AND DOORS ARE CORRODED SHUT BY A CHEMICAL PROCESS THAT IS IDENTICAL TO RUST. MURDOCK IS DRENCHED IN WHISKEY. A BOTTLE, OPEN, IS LAID IN HIS LAP.

THE OWNER OF THE CAB IS BEATEN TO DEATH BY MURDOCK'S STOLEN BILLY CLUB.

DAYS PASS INTO WEEKS. STILL MURDOCK IS NEVER FAR FROM THE CRIMELORD'S THOUGHTS. HE IMAGINES ONE LAST, TERRIBLE MOMENT OF REALIZATION...OF MURDOCK THRASHING WILDLY, DESPERATELY, HATEFULLY... SCREAMING SOUNDLESSLY INTO THE POISONED WATER...

...THE KINGPIN SHUDDERS AT THE THOUGHT, IN PLEASURE...

THE WORLD SEEMS FLOODED WITH SUNLIGHT. DAILY BUSINESS BECOMES A JOYOUS, CHILDLIKE GAME.

HE HAS DISGRACED, DESTROYED AND MURDERED THE ONLY GOOD MAN HE HAS EVER KNOWN.

THIS IS HIS TRIUMPH OF THE SPIRIT.

AT LAST THE CAB IS DISCOVERED.

THERE IS BLOOD, AND BLOODY EVIDENCE OF A STRUGGLE.

THERE IS A SHATTERED WINDSHIELD... A SAFETY BELT SEVERED BY THE WINDSHIELD'S GLASS AND WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN A HIDEOUS EFFORT OF WILL.

THERE IS NO CORPSE.

THERE IS NO CORPSE.

THERE IS NO CORPSE.

MILTON19